ETERNAL SIN

By: Sidney. F. Bromfield

✍ About the Author: Sidney Fredrick Bromfield

Sidney Fredrick Bromfield was born in 1973 in the town of Eshowe, nestled in the rolling hills of Natal, South Africa. Eshowe is no ordinary place—it is a town steeped in legend, crowned by the ancient Dlinza Forest, and once the beating heart of the Zulu Kingdom. It is here, beneath the whispering ironwoods and among the songs of wild birds, that Bromfield's poetic voice first stirred.

Known as "a city set on a hill," Eshowe is a place where colonial and spiritual histories collide, where the sacred and the natural live side by side. The Dlinza Forest itself is a living cathedral, and Bromfield grew up beneath its vaulted green canopy, absorbing its quiet wisdom and untamed beauty. These roots—both literal and symbolic—continue to shape the emotional and spiritual terrain of his work.

Raised with British heritage and forged by a life that has known both madness and meaning, Bromfield carries the weight of introspection and the fire of spiritual yearning. For him, poetry is not a pastime—it is a lifeline. It is the language he uses to speak to the divine, to confront the shadows, and to reach those who feel unseen in this world.

His verses are forged in the crucible of personal experience, spiritual reflection, and emotional depth. He does not seek perfection—he seeks authenticity. He does not write to impress—he writes to express what cannot be said in ordinary speech.

Bromfield's work has drawn comparisons to the emotional intensity of Sylvia Plath, the spiritual yearning of Kahlil Gibran, and the lyrical mysticism of William Blake. Like Leonard Cohen, he blends poetic cadence with existential grit; like Rainer Maria Rilke, he writes as if each line is a prayer whispered into the void. These poets did not shy away from the sacred or the sorrowful—and neither does he.

"I took a deep breath and listened to the old brag of my heart. I am, I am, I am." — Sylvia Plath "Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls; the most massive characters are seared with scars." — Kahlil Gibran "If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite." — William Blake "There is a crack in everything, that's how the light gets in." — Leonard Cohen "The only journey is the one within." — Rainer Maria Rilke

Through his books, spoken word performances, and original sound compositions, Bromfield aims to awaken something eternal in the reader. Whether encountered on the page, on stage, or in the quiet corners of digital platforms, his message remains the same: poetry is not dead. It is alive, burning, and waiting to be felt.

This book is not merely a collection of poems—it is a testament. A declaration. A spiritual offering. It is written for those who walk through fire, for those who seek light in the ruins, and for those who believe that words can still heal.

Author Profile: Sidney Fredrick Bromfield

Poet, visionary, and emotional cartographer

Sidney Fredrick Bromfield writes with the dual consciousness of history and immediacy. His poetry is a living archive of spiritual longing, romantic devotion, and moral confrontation. A business leader by trade and a poet by calling, Bromfield blends technical precision with lyrical fire.

His work is defined by:

- **Emotional courage**: He does not flinch from pain, nor does he shy away from love's vulnerability.
- **Spiritual depth**: His poems often wrestle with divine presence, moral consequence, and eternal truth.
- **Romantic authenticity**: Love, for Bromfield, is not a fleeting emotion—it is a sacred path, a sensual rebellion, and a healing force.
- **Social conscience**: He speaks for the forsaken, the betrayed, and the innocent with prophetic urgency.

Foreword

There are poets who write to entertain, and there are poets who write to endure. Sidney Fredrick Bromfield belongs to the latter. His poetry is not crafted—it is carved, like scripture etched into stone by a trembling hand that has known both fire and grace.

Born in the sacred hills of Eshowe, South Africa, Bromfield's voice rises from a place where history, nature, and spirit converge. His verses are not merely words—they are emotional architecture. They house longing, betrayal, sensuality, and salvation. They speak to the broken and the brave, to those who have walked through chaos and still believe in light.

This collection is not a book—it is a reckoning. A spiritual offering. A declaration of love's defiance and truth's necessity. Within these pages, you will find poems that bleed, poems that heal, and poems that dare to name the things we often silence: madness, desire, guilt, grace, and the divine.

Bromfield does not flinch. He writes with the emotional courage of a prophet and the romantic soul of a warrior. His work is a bridge—from the nether gloom to eternal memoir, from betrayal to rebirth, from isolation to intimacy. Each piece is a step on the path toward transcendence.

To read this anthology is to be invited into a sacred conversation. It is to stand at the edge of the forest and listen to the wind speak. It is to remember that poetry is not dead—it is alive, burning, and waiting to be felt.

Let this book find you. Let it change you.

Poetry forever. **Sidney F. Bromfield**

Index and Summary of some Poetry for the Reader:

- **Eyes of Regret** explores the haunting legacy of past wrongs and the resilience of a soul that has endured suffering and judgment. It confronts hypocrisy, societal decay, and superficial remorse, ultimately calling for integrity and strength as the only true redemption.
- **Crying in the Rain** is a poetic reflection on love's power to pierce through emotional barriers. It speaks of a woman whose presence brings both passion and healing, understanding the speaker's deepest truths and offering love as a sacred, enduring sign amid life's storms.
- **Poetic Prisoner** delves into emotional isolation, longing, and the struggle for authentic connection. It reflects the speaker's inner conflict between passion and pain, and the burden of expressing truth in a world that misunderstands depth. Ultimately, it's a declaration of love offered freely, despite the chains of self-doubt and societal expectation.
- **Les Insignes De L'Amour** is a poetic tribute to the divine and enduring nature of love. It speaks of love's sacred laws, its emotional strength, and its victorious beauty—presented as precious emblems bestowed from above. The poem invites the reader to honor love's splendor and constancy as a shared gift between souls.
- **Intimate Women** is a sensual and emotional tribute to a woman who transcends superficial norms. The poem explores longing, vulnerability, and the depth of romantic connection, portraying her as a force of nature—mysterious, healing, and spiritually intimate—only understood by those who feel deeply and love fearlessly.
- **Fading Memory** captures the ache of lost love and the struggle to hold onto what once was. It reflects on emotional blindness, longing, and the haunting echo of words that couldn't save a relationship—leaving behind only the eternal imprint of what could have been.

- **Broken Intent** reflects the emotional fragmentation of modern life—where lost souls, broken identities, and societal conformity collide. It captures the emptiness of regret and the silent struggle to find meaning in a world stained by disconnection and divided choices.
- **Love is the Keeper** reflects on the enduring power of love as a guiding force through darkness and isolation. It portrays love as both a memory and a light—an intimate truth that transcends fleeting desires and becomes the soul's ultimate inheritance.

- **Devotion** is a heartfelt ode to enduring love. It celebrates a bond that transcends time and achievement, portraying love as both a dream and a lasting imprint on the heart and mind—a sacred connection that defines the speaker's emotional truth.
- **Constant Images** is a poetic reflection on enduring love and emotional permanence. It speaks of devotion that transcends time, portraying love as a dream etched into memory—a lasting image held within the heart that defies fleeting moments and worldly achievements.

- **Eclipse** is a stark meditation on chaos, emotional decay, and the loss of love in a fractured society. It journeys from darkness and disillusionment toward a personal awakening—calling for rebirth, compassion, and the pursuit of love's higher purpose.
- **Always** is a romantic declaration of eternal love and devotion. It celebrates the purity of passion, the unity of hearts, and the timeless promise to cherish, love, and express that love boldly—falling deeply into the river of desire without shame or hesitation.
- **Web of Regret** confronts the emotional wreckage left by deceit and selfishness. It paints a bleak landscape of broken lives and fading hope, yet ends with a subtle call for redemption—a final breath that dares to believe healing is still possible.
- **Swollen** is a defiant reflection on pride, transformation, and the rejection of conformity. It challenges superficial judgment and celebrates innovation over imitation, confronting the emptiness of societal expectations with raw honesty and personal liberation.

- **Masked Betrayers** exposes the pain of betrayal and the blurred lines between friend and foe. It explores themes of deception, emotional decay, and the haunting aftermath of broken trust—where identity fractures and truth becomes a storm behind silent faces.
- **A Broken Son** is a raw and deeply personal reckoning with abandonment and emotional neglect. It speaks to the pain of a fractured father-son bond, the loneliness of unresolved grief, and the speaker's vow to sever ties with a love that came too late and too hollow.
- **Values** is a gentle affirmation of resilience, connection, and inner truth. It reminds the reader to hold fast to wisdom, loved ones, and kindness—offering a quiet strength that endures through hardship and fills life with meaning.

- **Concept of Truth** challenges the emotional dishonesty and moral blindness of society. It questions why genuine feeling and truth are so often ignored, revealing a world where betrayal and deception cloud relationships—leaving behind only sinister intentions masked by empty promises.
- **Vows** meditates on the enduring nature of love amid the fading of time and memory. It contrasts the weight of loss with the light of hope, portraying love as a sacred promise—often misunderstood, yet deeply longed for by those who dare to believe in its purity.
- **Outspoken** explores the raw vulnerability and impulsive nature of love. It portrays a woman whose emotional intensity and sensual openness reveal hidden truths—her

passion both tender and turbulent, understood only by those attuned to the rhythm of her heart.

- **Saisir Cet Instant** is a lyrical meditation on the fleeting yet radiant nature of love and time. It celebrates the beauty of a shared moment, the richness of emotional memory, and the impossibility of exhausting the splendor of time spent with a beloved soul.
- **Art** is a visceral declaration of creative power and emotional truth. It captures the urgency of expression—where brushstrokes become confessions, and fury births beauty without judgment. The speaker stands as both creator and creation: a romantic image forged from pain, destined to shape the future with raw, unfiltered vision.
- **Compelling Manner** is a poignant appeal for healing and redemption in a world marred by violence and emotional neglect. It reflects the speaker's journey from despair to hope, offering their words as a lifeline—an act of faith that love and kindness can still reach the lost and inspire pride in one's humanity.
- **Finding Hope** is a quiet, contemplative piece that honors the power of kindness and purpose. It begins in sorrow but moves toward grace—suggesting that even a single word can break silence and awaken meaning. The poem recognizes the speaker's gift as a guiding light, one that uplifts others and transcends mortal limitations.
- **Eternal** is a lyrical meditation on the undying nature of love—a flame that burns within, binding hearts beyond time and shame. It contrasts fleeting perceptions with the profound truth of emotional permanence, declaring love as both a seal and a guiding force that transcends loneliness and mortality.
- **Le Baiser Insouciant** evokes the bittersweet memory of carefree kisses and the longing for physical closeness beyond dreams. It reflects on love's playful charm, the regret of missed moments, and the desire to replace illusion with tangible affection—offering endless, light-hearted kisses as a remedy to emotional distance.
- **Living in Dreams** is a tender, introspective piece that explores the yearning for emotional connection and the catharsis of being truly heard. It moves from internal turmoil to trust, suggesting that desire and vulnerability, when shared with the right soul, can transform pain into quiet understanding.
- **Futility** is a powerful lament on the struggle against invisible, internal enemies—despair, isolation, and spiritual erosion. It portrays the futility of relying solely on physical strength or worldly means to escape suffering, ultimately turning toward divine liberation as the only true path to freedom. The poem moves from entrapment to transcendence, echoing a cry for spiritual clarity in a world that devours hope.
- **Eternal Friends** is a heartfelt tribute to the enduring power of friendship. It reflects on the pain of loss, the comfort of shared memories, and the deep need for companionship through life's trials. The poem urges us to cherish those who remain close, resisting neglect and embracing the warmth that true friends bring—even in the darkest hours.

- **War of the Worlds** is a thunderous elegy for a fractured humanity, where ancestral sins ignite cosmic reckoning. It evokes apocalyptic imagery—lightning, fire, and falling sparrows—as symbols of nature's collapse under the weight of inherited guilt. The poem mourns the blindness of men to their own legacy, suggesting that peace is denied to those who fail to reckon with the darkness they've unleashed.
- **Darker Side** confronts the anguish of emotional decay and the selfishness that isolates love. It contrasts the pain of twisted lives and fading time with a call to compassion—urging the reader to cast away greed and offer tenderness in moments of despair. The poem culminates in a defiant affirmation of love's power to transcend judgment and restore unity.
- **Pleasing the Moment** is a sharp, introspective critique of performative virtue and emotional insincerity. It questions the authenticity of relationships built on shallow gestures, contrasting them with the deeper ethics of friendship and selfless devotion. The speaker ultimately withdraws their trust, offering a final, solemn vow to no longer engage with falsehood.
- **Hurt Me** is a raw, emotionally charged confrontation with betrayal and unmet expectations in love. The speaker exposes the pain of being misunderstood and manipulated, rejecting the shallow proclamations of "free love" that mask deeper wounds. It's a declaration of emotional authenticity—where love cannot be replicated or commodified, and pain becomes a testament to truth.
- **Social Stain** is a searing indictment of societal neglect and moral decay. It exposes the hypocrisy of materialism and the cost of selfish gain, contrasting fleeting pleasures with the enduring needs of the vulnerable—especially children. The poem urges remembrance, compassion, and accountability, warning that forgotten kindness is the true crime of our age.
- **Smiling Children** is a joyful ode to innocence, playfulness, and the healing power of a child's smile. It celebrates the purity of youthful love and the simple magic of shared laughter—offering a vision of life renewed through tenderness, sincerity, and the everyday miracle of connection.
- **Complicated Simplicity** is a haunting reflection on betrayal, emotional isolation, and the paradox of inner freedom amidst external chaos. It weaves themes of broken love, moral blindness, and spiritual erosion—culminating in a stark declaration that simplicity itself has become corrupted. The poem questions the end of innocence and the complicity of those who ignore truth.
- **Dimensional** is a layered critique of societal emptiness and the commodification of love. It contrasts the scars of generational neglect with the purity of love that transcends race, religion, and superficiality. The poem calls for a deeper, more intimate

connection—one that defies stereotypes and embraces passion as a sacred truth, accessible only to those brave enough to seek it.

- **Revealed Secrets** journeys through despair and emotional isolation, ultimately arriving at a vision of transcendent hope. It contrasts the chaos of a lost world with the emergence of a mysterious, benevolent force—a ruler of peace and truth whose presence defies illusion. The poem urges trust in the quiet, intuitive truths that guide humanity beyond sorrow.
- **Replicated** is a philosophical reflection on time, emotional cycles, and the illusion of novelty. It suggests that human experience—especially love and sorrow—is often recycled, misunderstood, and commodified. Yet amid this repetition, the poem affirms that true romance, untainted by selfishness, remains the one authentic force capable of healing.

- **Finding Hope – Summary**
- A meditative reflection on the power of kindness and the quiet strength found in purpose. The poem begins with emotional vulnerability and moves toward spiritual affirmation, suggesting that while mortals speak in many words, it is the eternal gift—shared through meaningful work and love—that truly guides and heals.
- **Never Generation** is a solemn call to moral awakening in a time of ethical erosion. It challenges the reader to confront uncomfortable truths—about censorship, lost innocence, and the silencing of the vulnerable. The poem mourns the fading of dignity and unity, urging a return to foundational values that protect life and restore humanity's shared code.
- **Cry Less** is a poignant, compassionate plea for resilience in the face of suffering. It opens with the image of a wounded child and a fractured world, then gently shifts toward hope—reminding us that even a single ray of light can begin to heal. The refrain "Cry less" is not a dismissal of pain, but a call to rise through it, clothed in faith and the promise of transformation.
- **From The Heart** is a passionate, unfiltered declaration of romantic surrender and emotional intensity. It explores the interplay between desire, vulnerability, and the longing for mutual recognition. The speaker moves from playful seduction to profound devotion, revealing a mind consumed by love's fever and a heart inscribed with vivid, intimate truths. The poem challenges conventions—bending rules, embracing raw emotion, and affirming that love, in its most honest form, is both physical and poetic.
- **Rapture** is a reflective critique of modern detachment and the erosion of genuine connection. It contrasts the outward expressions of joy with the inner absence of kindness, revealing a world where materialism overshadows empathy. The poem calls for a return to love, urging the reader to shed selfishness and become a pioneer of emotional truth in a society adrift in moral confusion.

- **Abused** is a stark, emotionally searing portrait of a woman trapped in the aftermath of violence and longing. It traces the physical and emotional scars left by abuse, while holding space for a fragile hope—a wish for love that heals rather than harms. The poem moves from mourning to yearning, ending with a vision of tenderness and safety that stands in defiant contrast to her pain.
- **Lost Time** is a tender, time-bending meditation on love's enduring presence. It evokes a dreamlike space—"the Isle of events"—where longing and devotion transcend chronology. The beloved is portrayed as both muse and miracle, a radiant force that dispels fear and anchors the speaker's soul. Even pain and separation cannot dim the light that flows between them, making every moment of waiting a sacred echo of love.
- **Fresh Dreams** is a lyrical celebration of nature's quiet majesty and its life-giving essence. The poem evokes the image of a sparkling fountain flowing from a "sleeping mountain," symbolizing renewal, purity, and the intimate connection between humanity and the natural world. It's both a call to reverence and a plea for preservation—reminding us that the future depends on our ability to cherish what sustains us.
- **Sinister** is a chilling meditation on deception, spiritual distortion, and the collapse of moral clarity. It exposes the false warmth of "friendly stares" that mask destructive intent, portraying a world ruled by chaos and shadow. The poem evokes fallen angels, menacing divinity, and the prison of eternal fire—suggesting that even love and meaning are twisted in the hands of those who pretend to hold them dear. It's a lament for innocence lost and a warning against blind trust.
- **Favor of Regret** is a mournful meditation on betrayal, emotional erosion, and the haunting residue of broken promises. It evokes a landscape of motionless souls and dying seeds—where sorrow is not just felt but etched into the fabric of memory. The speaker confronts the violence of words, the loneliness of missed connection, and the twisted humor that masks deeper wounds. In this world, regret is not a passing emotion—it is a tide that reshapes everything.
- **A Bitter Pill** is a scathing indictment of societal greed and moral decay. It juxtaposes fleeting pleasures and material gain with the enduring consequences of neglect—especially toward vulnerable children. The poem warns that the sweetness of selfish indulgence will ultimately be replaced by the bitterness of regret. Through rhythmic urgency and moral clarity, it calls for compassion, remembrance, and the restoration of kindness as a guiding principle.
- **The Cherished** is a piercing lament for the innocence lost and the young lives forsaken by a morally disoriented society. It challenges the illusion of adult purity and confronts the failure to protect the vulnerable. Through stark contrasts and rhetorical questioning, the poem exposes the cruelty of neglect and the tragic silence surrounding the cries of the dying. It's a moral reckoning wrapped in lyrical sorrow.

- **New Beginning** is a hopeful invocation for renewal, unity, and emotional resilience. It reflects on past joys and sorrows, urging the reader to carry forward wisdom, patience, and compassion into the future. The poem celebrates friendship, achievement, and the healing power of laughter—offering a vision of collective strength and personal growth as we face life's challenges together.
- **Retaining Glory** is a tender, introspective poem that explores the ache of solitude and the longing for unconditional love. The speaker wrestles with emotional fragmentation and the weight of past promises, casting tears into the silence while clinging to the dream of a love that doesn't judge. The final lines suggest that even in absence, the pursuit of emotional truth—of "glory"—is what gives the story its meaning.
- **Reaper** is a prophetic and apocalyptic vision of divine reckoning and spiritual renewal. It speaks of a coming rapture, where the righteous are gathered and the corrupt turned to clay. The poem contrasts the silence of swallows with the final cry of the eagle—symbols of innocence and power—suggesting that even nature bears witness to the end. Yet amid the foreboding, it offers a final call to redemption: a whisper from God urging choice, faith, and transformation before time runs out.
- **Your Hidden Agenda** is a fierce confrontation with deception and emotional manipulation. The speaker exposes a sinister force that preys on innocence, cloaked in false promises and emotional emptiness. It's a poem of reckoning—demanding truth, unmasking betrayal, and calling for the protection of purity against corruption. The final lines shift from accusation to resolve, urging a collective stand for integrity and love.
- **In Chains** is a visceral descent into emotional captivity and psychological torment. It evokes a realm of chaos and sensual entrapment, where the soul is weakened by silent suffering and the body bears the scars of unseen battles. The poem explores themes of betrayal, addiction, and the distortion of intimacy—suggesting that what was lost may never have been real, and that even friendship can become a forgotten illusion.
- **Perfect Romance** is a heartfelt tribute to enduring love that transcends superficial celebration. The speaker rejects the commercialism of Valentine's Day, affirming instead a deeper, daily devotion rooted in intimacy, friendship, and emotional truth. The beloved is portrayed as a radiant presence—more than beauty, more than fantasy—she is the reason for the speaker's joy and the embodiment of romantic authenticity.
- **Splinter** is a metaphysical reflection on perception, suffering, and the longing for transcendence. The speaker questions the nature of reality—caught between denial and despair—while searching for meaning beyond the visible world. The "splinter" in the heart becomes both a wound and a portal: a source of pain that paradoxically births joy and memory. The poem ends with a spiritual ascent, invoking salvation as the soul's true destination.

- **Si Seul** (“So Alone”) is a deeply introspective meditation on isolation and the silent battles waged within the human soul. It reflects on the paradox of solitude amid a world teeming with people and places, revealing the inner struggles that often go unseen. The poem moves through layers of emotional confinement, existential questioning, and spiritual surrender—culminating in a quiet faith that only God truly knows the heart’s hidden truths.
- **Sinister Chaos** is a psychological and spiritual odyssey through madness, isolation, and the deceptive nature of perception. The poem conjures a surreal landscape—where fame and fortune are hollow, and the “lonely crow” becomes a symbol of fractured identity. It challenges the reader to confront distorted realities and seek truth beyond illusion. Despite the chaos, the closing lines offer a glimmer of redemption: a light that awaits those brave enough to search for it.
- **Eternal Memoir** is a passionate ode to a beloved whose presence defines the speaker’s very existence. The poem blends romantic adoration with existential vulnerability, portraying love as both salvation and identity. The imagery—hair like fire, eyes like doves—evokes divine beauty, while the emotional descent into longing and despair reveals the depth of connection. The “eternal memoir” becomes not just a record of love, but the soul’s testament to its truest bond.
- **Motionless** is a mournful, emotionally layered reflection on betrayal, grief, and the erosion of trust. The speaker moves through a landscape of broken promises and drowned affection, where regret becomes a tide and love a fading seed. The imagery is stark—tears on solemn kisses, undead words, and the “lonely eyes of the fowl”—suggesting a world where sorrow is cyclical and healing elusive. Yet beneath the despair lies a plea: to be seen, to be remembered, to be spared the silence of emotional paralysis.
- **Lie to Me** is a raw, emotionally charged plea wrapped in defiance and despair. The speaker confronts betrayal and isolation, choosing the bitter comfort of lies over the deeper wound of truth. Friends have become foes, and kindness feels extinct—leaving the speaker to navigate sorrow alone. The repetition of “Lie to me” becomes both shield and indictment, a haunting refrain that echoes the erosion of trust.
- **For Love’s Sake** is a luminous ode to love’s transformative power. It celebrates kindness as a divine force—capable of turning hatred into healing and mending even the most sinister wounds. The poem moves from celestial wisdom to earthly intimacy, portraying love not as fleeting emotion but as a sacred journey. The image of “a rose with no thorn” and “the total eclipse of the heart” evokes a love so pure it transcends pain, guiding two souls toward eternal union.
- **Intimately Closer** is a sensual and emotionally vulnerable reflection on love’s power to transform sorrow into joy. The speaker stands at a metaphorical impasse—“a bridge

with no crossing"—mourning the absence of love, yet still tethered to its memory through desire and emotional resonance. The beloved is portrayed as a force of healing and intimacy, whose presence dissolves shame and awakens unspeakable joy. The poem culminates in a quiet surrender to love's enduring sensuality and spiritual closeness.

- **Romantic Warrior** is a reflective and emotionally vulnerable piece that explores the tension between love's enduring essence and human fallibility. The speaker acknowledges both the beauty of romance—its power to dispel hate and greed—and the sorrow of personal betrayal. Through imagery of lakeside moments and shifting emotions, the poem becomes a plea for forgiveness and renewal. It's a confession wrapped in hope, where the warrior is not one who conquers, but one who dares to love again.
- **Into the Nether Gloom** is a stark, apocalyptic reckoning—a spiritual and moral warning wrapped in poetic fire. The sparrow, once a symbol of freedom, becomes a witness to despair as the speaker confronts the consequences of indulgence, denial, and spiritual neglect. The imagery is brutal and prophetic: roots severed, debts called, and the soul teetering on the edge of eternal damnation. Yet amid the chaos, there's a final plea—a whisper of divine presence and the urgent call to choose redemption before it's too late.
- **Killer** is a defiant and emotionally charged declaration of romantic resilience in the face of betrayal and emotional violence. The speaker confronts a cold, masked figure—one who wields solitude and selfishness like weapons—yet refuses to surrender love or sensuality. The repeated invocation to "kill me" becomes a poetic dare: a challenge to those who would silence passion, and a vow to remain true to the path of intimacy and emotional truth.

The Eternal Sin:

There was once a heart. A heart that was not fragmented, a heart that did not listen to the chaotic voices of politics and outside interferences, this heart is a heart after the things of truth untainted and holding on to God's eternal truth.

The nations have drunk of the sorrows of Babylon the fallen and luster after her delicacies, unbeknowns to the masses but to the inner circle something deeply sinister and unfathomably evil. She has her claws deeply founded in a world system of total control. Her sin is called the eternal. There is no remorse in her, she is unwilling to change and her only reward is the greatest of all judgments.

The eternal sin is a book of poetry and emotions that speaks volumes about the sins of our human hearts; it goes beyond mere emotion or experience, our own wavering faiths and beliefs.

The Shadows: I am awake but yet I have my eyes clouded by the worries of this fading reality. A world where right is wrong and wrong is deemed ultimately correct. I am awakened by a burden so great, so suffocating and an emotion that tears the very fabric of existence from my skin. No man is immortal but life is evasive. I am asleep and yet I know that there is a far greater purpose in me… what is this shadow? The shadow of misery and death, the shadow that has always spoken to my mind and heart! I can not escape no matter how much wisdom or strength I try gather. In my own strength I am but a as a fading wind in dry dessert. I am like a voice or an echo that is heard only in the mountains. I am a lost soul bound by the deathly grasp of the shadows. She is a creature that steals my very breath, with the greatest loss and no pain so physical which can ever compare to her depressive grasp! I am her prisoner and paralyzed to the very foundation of my being… I am lost… no light! No hope! No future! No existence.

Religious defect!

I cast my eyes to the masses worshipping in large churches and also in temples of greatness. Temples of so many god and idols and many gods made of both wood and stone. I followed each one so willingly and so intimately and o religiously. I wasted my time, my energy and cast my lots before swine! I was told what to do in order to find my life! How to live, the sacrifices needed to please each god and each idol… who Is God?

The power of Law!

What is the law is it a guide or a suggestion? Religious entities have twisted its pure untainted light! Was this made for man to enslave him into a prison cell called the Void and of that of Earthly intent? I see a light in the law of God. Written in stone which no man can demolish! No hand should touch… the eternal heavenly laws. Never to be removed and or altered in any way shape and form… The law of Rest on God's given day... if I have failed in my own strength I shall follow that final biblical principal – Follow the law of God to tread safely on the path to eternal joy and bliss…

Final Confrontation…

These lists of poems are of real life experiences as well as thoughts and I sincerely hope that it may they touch your life eternally… The poet – Sidney. Fredrick. Bromfield

Eyes of Regret:

Eyes that lurk in the darkness of time…

It is a sad soul that has performed only one crime!

Some say that they have seen it all,

Been to heaven and back and still standing tall!

I know the past was evil's way -

When hypocrites cast a silent snare at my day!

They find me strange for I have stared

At death's reality!

I have known hard days more that any…

Seen the aura of superficial regret through many…

They are the children of past regret!

I face them now and will not forget!

Days of misery that they have sown;

Into the lives of our everyday society they have grown.

There can only be one right to this wrong,

A man and a woman of integrity standing strong!

Crying in the Rain:

Her heart cries freedom

And her gaze speaks many words

Some, which I cannot fathom…

Hidden somewhere is that sword.

Her eyes pierce my heart…

And no lie can I hide

She knows even the most intimate part

And the code by which I abide

Dessert storm…

And flaming passion!

Her touch is always warm

No trivial matter her fashion

Crying in the rain!

I stand in the darkness of time

She has hearkened unto my pain

And handed intimate love as an abiding sign!

Poetic Prisoner:

Something deep something true

Is it me lacking or is it you

Tears of the young, dying

Another baby is crying

Lost in this wilderness

Rein in blood the bitterness

I am too deep you see

For her to comprehend the true passion in me

My hands touch and caress her skin

I have yet to see the truth in this sin

What's so wrong?

Days too long

Longing to be her mate

And to say the words I dedicate

I am the poetic prisoner

My eyes grow weary

Is this the final words to portray?

I am a prisoner of self-justification

To please the hoards throughout my final dedication

Poetic prisoner, I am it you see

My love is here for you and it is free

Les Insignes De L'Amour:

Ne vilipende pas aujourd'hui

Les pierres précieuses de son amour,

Sa splendeur, ses atours !

Ton esprit est si peu aimable,

Si libre !

Les lois de l'Amour

Nous viennent d'en Haut !

Toute cette constance précieuse,

Toute cette force des émotions,

Son conte bleu,

Vécus jusqu'à la victoire,

Sont les insignes de l'amour

Pour vous et pour moi !

Translated into French by Athanase Vantchev de Thracy

Intimate Women:

Come listen to my story…

Odd whispers in the sand;

A stripped heart and a stretched out hand-

Eye of the beholder is cumbersome with great fury!

Tears desiccated by the light of naked…

A story none could ponder.

Real to me, yet you wonder!

In streets of the shrouded!

A woman that goes beyond the ordinary concept

I held in arms of romantic

In no harm's way - so frantic!

A prayer to my sorrows whilst I wept…

She is like the stars and the zephyr;

She is like the rain-

When my heart yields the pain!

A lustful desire that I always find in her…

She is beyond the ordinary woman

That is so typically narrow minded

And always materialistically divided

She can only be swept away by a sensually inclined man…

Fading Memory:

Fade from white to black

Tried to bring her back

Again, words failed me!

That's why I could not see,

You were my heart's dream!

Once a cry from a lover's scream…

Faded from reality

Words! "I love you honestly"

Would you ever fathom?

And then take away my freedom?

Lost in this love!

Will this ever be enough?

That's the eternal memory!

Broken Intent:

Faces...

Changes...

Lost souls wondering in an urban vendetta

Broken bodies...

Twisted minds

Faded smiles...

Changes...

Experiences...

Lost in the empty spaces of mindless regret...

People...

Divided decisions...

Conforming to social stain in order to forget...

Love is the Keeper:

You are alone in a dark place

Your only hope

Is the memory of the intimate embrace!

Now! In a light so dim

Your only feeling

Above any will or whim

Love is the keeper

Of things so real;

As you become its reaper

Devotion:

Devotion of Forever

A love affair of note

So here is a love poem I wrote…

You are my dedicated dream, my eternal lover!

Search my dream and you shall find-

No fleeting moment,

Or greater accomplishment

Than the loss of my heart's mind!

Devotion of us together…

A love affair I wrote!

Within her heart's mind-

The image of love lasting forever…

Constant Images:

Devotion of Forever…

A love affair to note!

Here is the love poem I wrote!

You are my dedicated dream, my eternal lover.

Search my dream and you shall find-

No fleeting moment!

Or even a greater accomplishment-

Than the loss of my heart's mind!

Devotion of us together!

A love affair I wrote…

Within her heart's mind,

The image of love, lasting forever!

Eclipse:

Mayhem and sister of chaos

Silence, no silence…

Young boast only violence

In the new world's realm you rose.

Darkness, a welcomed companion…

Like a neurotic society-

Gone is simplicity,

And also love's union!

The crow weeps,

On a lifeless birth!

A decaying soul calls from earth

But selfishness won and care only sleeps…

Once, I too was a lifeless soul

In the eclipse of lifeless worth,

Now I besiege all of true birth…

To come forth and yearn for love's ultimate goal!

Always:

Always and forever

To hold – to cherish!

Dreams fallen with no blemish

Becomes my only lover!

Always and forever

To love – to hold!

Forever as one to mould-

In the desires of her lover

Always and forever

To kiss – to tell-

The whole world that I fell-

Deeply into passion's river!

Web of Regret:

Web of deceit

In a tide of crimson lies

Many hearts bled tears-

Through trials of trivial pursuit

No more glimmer of hope!

Days filled with selfish concept

Broken bodies and twisted regret,

As you lay yourself to sleep

Your mind wonders in the ebb of deceit

Forlorn and lost demise

As you charm your spell

And cast your last-

A breath of hope awaits the call!

Swollen:

Deem the wise so innocent

Another void that faces change

Many lives contorted and twisted

Every nook, every cranny

Swollen pride and death's stare

Woven into lifeless prayer

Fate is the ruler of my heart

First a glimmer then I depart

I laugh at all the many-

Some see replication.

I do not replicate I innovate

You call me a lifeless fool

Yet! You are the fool

With your swollen promise

And petty thought

My life is open

It brings forth ‘naught’.

Masked Betrayers:

Faces of running wild

Many portray a silent storm

First a word then a norm

I have beaten down doors as the "one" child.

Dawn of decaying soul

Haunted dreams, I haunt your dreams

What is love to be lost, she screams

An hour of the looking glass cries foul

What is friend?

Who is this foe?

A faceless creature

You should know!

Cunning and deceptive lies

A door breaks splinters into a mind's eye

Far be it from you to comprehend my cry

So more replication dies…

A Broken Son:

Fists of pain

Your hurt pours down like the rain…

A father never to me

As I cast my stare at the emotional disgrace

You never held me near

Or embraced me in my fear-

Never listened to a word I shed

As time just passed and another loved one was dead…

I see myself as a lost soul now!

Dedicated to be the one alone

With a broken heart and an internal vow

You will never hear from me again…

Too late to say that you miss me

And that sorrow has filled your heart

Too late to open your outstretched arm

And cast your false pearls and charm

Values:

Never Lost

Never broken

Never concealed

Never smitten...

Always remember

Friends and family

Words of wisdom

And kind words that come in handy

Never forgotten

Never alone

Never give up

When this truth fills your cup

Concept of Truth:

Throw me your feelings

That I may I bask myself in your emotion

Compare me to the rest-

And it shall strengthen my devotion

Why is the world so oblivious?

To truth so well said…

Why are people all the same?

With intensions so violent and also devious!

Friends betray brother and sister

With no more heartfelt truths!

They are as clouds that promise much

But hold only things sinister…

Vows:

Memories fade,

Yet love remains an eternal vow

Time falls into shallow graves-

As we yearn for the when and how!

Yearn for the morning

As it bears no burden too great

Weaving its bright smile

An icon that embraces no hate!

Dreams die,

Love is the hope to give-

Seldom understood

When the ‘elect’

Voices their hope to receive!

Outspoken:

Caress the skin

Of love within

She will make

Love’s 'mistake'

At the place where love will know

All secrets revealed in the rainbow

She cares only for the sudden rush

A teardrop on her eye's brush

Such betrayed glamour

Is it her heart's hammer?

Like the beat of a drum

Only comprehended by some

Fall into her kindness

Her outspoken softness

Saisir Cet Instant:

Il existe des voies

Grâce auxquelles on peut cueillir l'instant de bonheur :

Rien ne saurait être comparé

A l'accomplissement de cet acte !

Une autre heure, au-delà du miroir !...

Thésaurise, séduit par l'éclat de la beauté,

La félicité qu'apporte ce moment délicieux !...

Un rêve d’amour consommé

Jour après jour !...

Tant de saisons qui s’en vont,

Tant de jours qui nous trahissent !

Non, décidément, je n’ai pu jamais,

Au grand jamais,

Epuiser la splendeur du temps

Que j’ai passé à tes côtés !

Translated into French by Athanase Vantchev de Thracy

Art:

Days of sudden rush

Pierced the canvas with my brush

Swollen promise and demise

Words hidden within hate’s lies

Stroke the brush with certain fury

In the presence of no judge or jury

The Art of life’s painted image

Sudden tears come of age

A force of the art in me

Come hither, I will give it for free

No word can evade the promise

The true meaningless demise

I am a romantic picture

An icon of the future

Compelling Manner:

Compelled to write this letter

End of meaningless thought

As guns and killing brought to naught,

So I may forgive and leave a lasting memory of things better

Days of a careless face

Hating children

Staring at non caring men

Without perceiving love's trace!

Am I just another vessel?

Without hope

And smiling at life's empty scope

Failing and betrayed in hell!

I pray words touch a lost individual

Just one kind love

With faith's messages from above

So that you too can be proud of your accomplishments and stand tall!

Finding Hope:

Start the day with a lost heart

Never ends as the meeting part

One kind word has broken silences-

When we mere mortals speak many sentences

There are some that yearn for life's' reward

No mortal man but the eternal sword

This gift you have

Is the one you shared and gave...?

The work you do

The one that guides friends and loved ones too

Eternal:

Eternal is this flame

Burns within each heart

Hold a lover's embrace that can’t depart.

To some it is shame-

And others an eternal 'game'

Of love so real

An eternal seal!

Loneliness the shame

No living can take away…

The eternal heart

That overlooks 'all' from the start

This truth is the eternal way!

Le Baiser Insouciant

Les saisons des baisers insouciants,

Maintenant que règne le bonheur !

Pourquoi t'étreindre en rêve,

Moi, qui te veux réelle dans mes bras ?

Je souris, je ris, j'essaie,

Je te trompe avec mes charmes !

Les saisons des baisers insouciants,

Je souris, je ris…

Ce sont ces moments-là que je regrette le plus !

Tu disais que mon ego était

De donner des coups de pied dans la boue

Partout où j'irai.

Les saisons des baisers insouciants,

Maintenant que règne le bonheur !

Pourquoi t'étreindre quand je pourrais

Te couvrir de baisers ?

Oui, te donner encore et encore

Des baisers insouciants ?

Translated into French by Athanase Vantchev de Thracy

Living in Dreams:

Life but a dream

Who shall be the one?

One to listen as my mind screams

I have a thought

You are the one

With whom to share that thought

Desire is the dream

I will confide in you

This time it shall not end up in a scream

Futility:

Pushed into a corner no place left to go!

"Speak out all my problems!"

Resemblances marks of fate - emblems

Bereaved in spirit, in mind I know!

Futile attempt - escape from all my enemies...

Previous, past and also the future

Physical strength ceases to embed the future

The outer attempt upon which it feeds

Mythically it appeals to the lonely; slowly it eats at their deeds.

As gnats and flies feast upon this lot

An enemy that has you trapped and up against that invisible wall-

Its last call unto mankind is to give in and fall

Futile attempt all has been lost, your soul...

Futile attempt to escape from this unseen enemy,

This! My escape with one's own strength...

With the creator I am free

There is only One...

Not to fall into this web-you see.

Eternal Friends:

Shadows cast me into the glimmer of regret.

As friends have come and gone, one’s that I cannot forget

A sad embrace in the crevice of lonely tiding

To keep such a friend close is the greatest thing!

I need friends even when issues take a strangle hold

Once so lost in a cast iron mold

Never do I want to lose their kindness

Or memories that hold a sweet caress

Never to fade into a stereotype method of neglect

And become a treasurer of eternal regret

Hold them dear

Throughout the hardship and the fear!

War of the Worlds:

Two worlds collide in the wake of the doom

Another sparrow falls as the forlorn son beckons the shadows of the gloom…

Skies tear through its wake in display with fire and lightning

As bolts tear down roofs and nature does not prevail

Its strength withers in the dire-

For the crimes of the fathers' lathers in its mire!

Deeds of the dark neither forgiven nor forgotten

Their mark is kindled only by those smitten…

Men are filled with the judgment of ages

And cannot fathom how these tidings rested on their shallow graves

They will neither rest in peace

For the dark veil of death has its lease…

Darker Side:

Crimson dreams burn my heart

Many lives torn and twisted

Thorns in the way must depart

Darker side of the moonlight

And time not spared for comfort

Rather a decaying sight

To hold and cherish

Your lover for eternity

Why, this day belongs to the selfish

Why not cast away the greed and pain

Give a moment

To a lonely one in the rain

Cast away all selfishness

Touch a soul in the darkest hour

For this freedom is the greatest gift of your willingness

Touch a lady and hold her close

So that time will not wither away

Your unified love! It doesn't matter what others may think or say!

Pleasing the Moment:

Critical feature

Of such feelings that portray

Another obstacle standing in the way

Are you unique, rather a hypocritical preacher?

Not to please another soul

Unselfish worship

Ethics of true friendship

Will it become your innermost goal?

No comment will ever be true…

Critical seminar of knowledge

My final pledge

Which I no longer cast to you

Hurt Me:

Hurt me

It is my pain you wanted to see

When I laughed at your issues

Just more old news

Integrity was the mark of some

But you left me in your shame

Hurt me

I can't duplicate the lover you expected me to be

I cry at scattered seed

As your words were arrows of your need

You know love cannot just go away

When you ignore this day

Hurt me

As you proclaimed that love was free

I heard that sadistic pitch

Words! Your trap clouding the rich

I could not suffice

For my love was not of such device

Social Stain:

One moment in time

One penniless crime

Spare a splinter, a moment in time

Know not that this is your crime

Down the mainstream of forget

Are the words I shall never forget?

Our time is money

Fills our mouth's with honey

You shall swallow a bitter pill

When your final thrill

Ends in misery and regret

For my words you must not forget

The little children are in need

Just sow them a little seed

Your selfish gain

Is our society's stain?

All are selfish and lost

For a kind deed is no more the host

Smiling Children:

Have a great day

Let's go out and play

All the little children running around

Having fun in joy's playground

I love them sincerely

When they jump into life's tree

Have a great day

For fun is on its way

A smile that breaks pain

Leaves sunshine and casts away the rain

A small child smiles at me

It is new life that must always be

Have a great day

Children of sincere love and so gay

A smile that cries with laugher

Moments so well sought after

I hold its hand, then smile and say

Have a great day!

Complicated Simplicity:

This is my end my day

It is the beginning my way

None could fathom

Such inner freedom

Shoulder to cry

Another one would lie

I am shrouded with the darkness

Lusting after forgiveness

Broken love, empty vessels

Some say love sells

Swallow my pride

Before the hoards I hide

No warning to them is heeded

For wrong is what they needed

Complicated simplistic way

Where is the end of this day?

You have become an accomplice to the crime

This is the end of the divine

Dimensional:

Stereotype whispers in dark places

Lost form of valueless worth

A new generation of undemanding birth…

Protruding like a chemical of destruction

In the war of sacrificial embrace

These are the scars that stare back at you in an unmoving place…

Perceptions of masses in the whirlpool of regret

Left many children alone asking questions…

What is the significance of words spread?

Dimensional love

Passionate haste

Regardless of religion or race

True love is not an advertised substance

Of cheap nothings and gifts that fade away

Like a day without the scent of an intimate embrace

Intimate romance of another dimension

Few are the chosen seekers

As they swallow their pride and heed the factual calling of sensual passion.

Revealed Secrets:

Streets filled with lonely calls

Dark embrace of my lonely heart

Lost in the hour glass without perceptive intent

No hope

No beckoning call

All seems lost in the madness of it all

An omen rises in the wake of sorrow

Its hand reached out but could not touch too many

An icon with a transparent word

A Ruler that bestows peace and goodwill

A carrier of things not well known

The friend and hope of all humanity

Trust the feeling that calls itself truth

Never a figment

Of imagination's girth!

Replicated:

The day is yesterday

The time is tomorrow

The crime is your sorrow

In future's way

What was!

Has already been

Times and places already seen

Here is your remittance and pass

Nothing is new

Only replicated

Simplistic love and words complicated

Some comprehend but they are few

Love is real

More than an emotion

Of your selfish devotion

Turn to romance it is the only concept that can heal

Finding Hope:

Start the day with a lost heart

Never ends as the meeting part

One kind word as broken silences

When we mere mortals speak many sentences

There are some that yearn for life's' reward

No mortal man but the eternal sword

This gift you have

Is the one you shared and gave?

The work you do

The one that guides friends and loved ones too

Never Generation:

Are you right, are you wrong.

Are they words you wish to hear?

It is something offensive in your ear.

Words that never criticize - make you strong.

Demolished the right?

Of a child's last word!

Let live or die your reward,

By removing its final light...

Bring back the code.

Of man's moral unity,

Call back your dignity,

And let life be theirs in your abode

Cry Less:

A raindrop splinters the silence

It is a lonely child

That suffered violence

Are we so weak and have become so wild?

Cry less

Words I must stress

Cry less

It is hope I confess

There is sunshine after the rain

Even one glimmer of ray

Swallowing the pain

The evocative words will pay

Cry less

For darkness has cast you into this mess

Cry less

Faith clothes and darkness will undress

From The Heart:

Say that this game

Will reach the fame

Another day

Another way

Love is not so lonely tonight

As I raise my heart's delight

To hold and cherish the final thought

You are all I have ever sought

Why, play the fool…

When you know that this is a lover's pool

One soothing kiss

Is all it takes to complete the bliss!

I am your slave forever

What shall you do with love's fever!

When we play the mind game

And the day does not remain the same

I have unspoken words within my will and whim

It has vivid images imprinted on my film

Why not bend the rule to fashion's statement

Embark on the promiscuous fulfillment

Send me your body with lust

That we may know and trust

The content of our heart's letters

Your way, my mind matters.

Rapture:

Call the day

Friends, family

Members of life's tree

Going life’s merry way

Ships of no care

Another facial expression

Life’s good… their confession

But no kindness in their stare

Friends, family

Down the mainstream of regret

Money is all to them, they cannot forget

Silent sorrow is all I see

Expression that is now global

You are part of this can’t you see

Right seems wrong in their calls to me

Wrong is ‘right’ in their brawl

For life is not a single moment

Be a pioneer is all I ask

Take away this selfish mask

For unto you love I recommend

Abused:

Abused she sits in the corner

Bruised and beaten as the final mourner

Tears turned into crystals

For her the last one now falls

The insignia of her body is hate's fame

Turning her closer to abusive pain

He is the reward to her tears

For true love has evaded her for years

There is one wish

A final romantic dish

A lover that will hold her closer

A man that has chosen her

To never abuse

Never accuse

A charmer

Who will never abuse or harm her

Lost Time:

Lost moments

The closeness of your lips

The essence of your smile

Whilst I was waiting for you in the Isle of events

You are the pearl of wonder

A creature beyond the nexus of time

Every second I cast myself into this crime

Cherish the splendor of your wonder

You are the one

Eyes reflect the light

And casts away my fears of the ‘night’

I get lost in this aura… you are the one

You are the light of all my dreams

Time alone, cannot separate

Even hate, even hurt’s fate

The love I feel for you, it screams

This is my lost time

One more day, one single night

The love in you is the light

Shines in you and is transmitted to me.

Fresh Dreams:

I cast my gaze at a sparkling fountain

Life that feeds many needs from a sleeping mountain

The ebb and flow of a stream

In the beauty of a new dream!

I besiege all to love the hand of nature

For the purity of its water is our life's feature!

For generations need its future promise!

And the taste of its intimate kiss

Sinister:

"Friendly stares"

Filled with intimate demise!

Nothing close just sinister devices

They are fallen angels that hold you in "high regard"

One careless moment that yields no tomorrow

As the dark shadow of life has yielded only sorrow!

One silent prayer lost in the favor of silent grimacing

One voice spoken by one deity so menacing!

A salutation to the masses that hold love and the meaning of life in high regard

Contemplating thoughts that one should never disregard

Sinister and chaos rules our fortitude

And leaves us begging like the broken son in solitude

The prison of the eternal fire raises its breath

And leaves us motionless in mourning and sorrow!

Favor of Regret:

Motionless creatures

Many spoken demise

Many promises and lies

Tears fallen on solemn kiss

Cried lonely tears

I missed you

Bask me in the favor

Your regret

Many tides betrayed violent words instead

I have fallen like a dying seed

Listen to words that

Endorse no life to the un-dead

Frown on a drowning soul

Some say life is one in dismay

But it rejects the lonely eyes of the fowl

Twisted humor and spoken forget

Another eye pierced a prudent heart

This is woven deceit and life's regret

A Bitter Pill:

One moment in time

One penniless crime

Spare a splinter, a moment in time

Know not that this is your crime

Down the mainstream of forget

Are the words I shall never forget?

Our time is money

Fills our mouth's with honey

You shall swallow a bitter pill

When your final thrill

Ends in misery and regret

For my words you must not forget

The little children are in need

Just sow them a little seed

Your selfish gain

Is our society's stain?

All are selfish and lost

For a kind deed is no more the host

The Cherished:

Why deem yourself so innocent

You deem yourself so pure

Yet would you endure?

The snares of the violent

The adults are bewildered

They have forsaken the unborn

And lived according to this form

Not heeding to the young so much cherished

You deem life so cruel

By ways in which to state

This is his fate

Dying as the only fool

The adults have not heard

The words of the dying

Whilst they were crying:

"Why my life was not spared?"

New Beginning:

As we face the birth of a new year

Let us reflect on all that was good and forget the heartache and the tear

Many friends have been made and

Many goals have been obtained

Let us face the new beginning with an open mind and a heart that hearkens to wisdom

Let patience be the guide for our day

Saying a silent prayer as we go our own merry way!

Let fun and laughter hold us strong

Through the challenges of things said that was hurtful and wrong

May we find a solution to any challenge!

And give advice to those that are redeemed by our life's message.

This will be a great new beginning

As we are bound by unity to face any wrong

To overcome any obstacle

To see any challenge through whether they be physical or mental!

Retaining Glory:

Finding myself

Is my love on the shelf?

I look forlorn

For many words sworn

Torn apart

This, my heart

Can I ever fathom?

Just to imagine

That you will be there

Not to judge and stare

I cast my tears

Retain only these years

Of being alone without you

Dreams of the glory

Is the true meaning of this story!

Reaper:

Believe in the dawning of the bright new day...

No more the slander of unrighteous shedding

Shall prevail

A rapture of newborn soul...

The heavens will melt away

Prophesied decades along the way!

'Curses' for the lost tribe

A thief in the night

Will be His right-

Reap us away

All else will be turned into clay!

No more shall the swallows be singing

As in the early dawn,

Yet the eagle shall soar and cast its last torn,

But rejoice now there is yet time

Time to make the right choice

Listen! God is whispering

Follow His voice

Your hidden agenda:

Your nature is to lure the innocent soul

Break his heart

And incinerate the goal

What intent do you have with me?

To disgrace my fame

Or betray my name

Your heart has no emotional content

And your mind is a sinister realm

You promise to reward with the greatest present.

Let us face the mask

Let us yield to the true task

To hold the innocent dear and silence the putrid face of betrayal

In Chains:

Bondage that weakens the faint soul

Of silent screams in chaotic realm

Sinister emotion

Lost in this prison of sensual devotion

Chains that tear flesh from skin

Lonely paralysis in a timeless dream

Faded reality

Of words and whim

An array of addictive grim

What was lost!

Was never meant and

Never remember by the 'friend'

Perfect Romance:

Her glowing is like a brightly lit sky

For her beauty is not just a physical element

She is a dream and my best friend

She is my better half and intimate lover

Valentine's Day is just a foolish whisper

For I am not burdened by a day that holds only an advertised norm

My nature is romantic and my code is an intimate form!

Perfection is the day when I met you

Always intimate and always true

I will never relinquish this path that I tread upon so happily

For it goes beyond just another valentine's day!

Splinter:

My eyes perceive life in a different light

What about this matrix?

One moment seems to fade into the clasped fists of denial

One moment ends in the abyss of regret and deceit

What does my life portray?

Just to be another restless soul

In a lost dream filled with desperation

Is this the real touch what I see and experience

Or is there another place where sickness and death does not prevail

The splinter is in my heart

And it is the birthplace of happy memories…

Look up to the skies

For a heavenly presence draws you closer

It is a rebirth of soul

To reach the ultimate goal of eternal salvation

Si Seul:

Si seul,

si renfermé en soi,

Alors qu'il existe Tant de gens,

tant d'endroits Et tant de visages différents.

Si seul,

si renfermé en soi,

Plongé dans des pensées inconcevables,

Dans des sentiments

Que l'on oublie si facilement,

Dans des luttes acharnées

contre Les difficultés de la vie,

Sans cesse, toujours! Si seul,

si renfermé en soi!

"Seul Dieu, le Tout Puissant,

sait Tout ce que ce

coeur révélera Un jour au monde."

Translated by Athanase Vantchev de Thracy French Poet

Sinister Chaos:

Desolate souls in the wake of solitude

Fortune or fame

As it is the lonely "crow" in the realms of the insane

Altered images that gnash at your mindless gaze

Forlorn and sheltered in the sinister chaos

Where shall you run to when you are faced with this maze?

Truth holds a spear of iconic intentions

Beyond what you could fathom

It buries the sorrow beneath a mask of human perceptions

Let your soul search out all truth

And may it not be hampered by the guilt of the morrow

For there is a light waiting to unfold…

Eternal Memoir:

Gaze at your beauty

Words fail me this day

Without you is cruelty

Never to be without you, I pray

Your hair is as fire

Your eyes are doves!

Displaying beauty of finest desire…

The touch of a soul the eternal memoir of true lovers

I lose my soul.

A will not to be!

Refrain from reaching the goal,

As one that does not see

One that does not hear…

This could not be me!

Shedding another tear!

Without you, I will never be.

Motionless:

Motionless creatures

Many spoken demise

Many promises and lies

A tear fallen on solemn kisses

Drowned by lonely tears

I miss you!

Bask me in the favor,

Your regret!

Many tides betrayed violent words instead!

I have fallen like a dying seed…

Listen to words that,

Endorse no life to the un-dead!

Frown on a drowning soul

Some say life is one in dismay,

But it rejects the lonely eyes of the fowl!

Twisted humor and spoken forget!

Another eye pierced a prudent heart,

This is woven deceit and life's regret!

Lie to me:

Lie to me…

May I face this shame alone!

Lie to me

May I play this game alone!

Show me no regret or a ray of remorse…

For friends betray my every word

As I am drowned by sorrow in life's course!

Lie to me…

Because friends are foes

Lie to me

As there is no more human kindness that shows!

For Love's Sake:

Kindness unforeseen

Words that turn hatred into love

An inscribed message from above

Wisdom that heals a broken dream

Mending the written day

Of things sinister along the way!

Two merry souls that bask in the kiss of forget!

Love is real,

Beyond just the emotion which you tend to feel!

A rose with no thorn!

That is the total eclipse of the heart,

A guide to an eternal lover's part!

Intimately Closer:

Now I find myself at a bridge with no crossing

Where has love gone missing?

I hold a dream which ended in my heart crying…

The very breath of love at your passing!

You eyes pierce my very soul

As I stretch out my hand

To know that intimate and sensual love is in command!

The woman that you are…

Turns my heartache of shame

Into joy so unspeakable!

The silence between us gives way

To things intimate and precious!

One thing leads to another…

You will always remain my sensual lover!

Romantic Warrior:

Many faces!

A glimmer into the future dispelling hate and greed

Your eyes, your touch;

They spell inner kindness.

Where have we made the sad mistake?

To hold, to touch

A moment at the lake

Romance does live

Yet, we deny its undying wind

Words, emotions all change

I am the one that betrays

I am the one at fault

Forgive to forget

So that we can cherish all the happy days

Strength in Tragedy: Tsunami Japan

Lives lost by a tragedy so unforeseen

The lifeless souls of young and old taken by a sudden rush

How great it would be to turn back the hand of time once again.

Our hope is that all will end well

In such a terrible loss!

May your tears and sorrow be crowned by the helpers at hand!

May you find the strength to fight another day!

As our hopes and silent prayers go out to you in every way!

May only good memories remain of love ones that have passed away!

To all the survivors of this tragic event I wish you all the best

That you may become strong again

And that your dreams will give you hope to fight and rebuild for a better future once again!

"This poem is dedicated to all the survivors in Japan lots of love and prayers and hope from South Africa".

Into the Nether Gloom:

A sparrow flies through the open skies

Cry, cry! All hope is lost in life

Hearts that bleed, misery entangles you

At that point you arrive

The roots are to be cut down and cast into the pit

Where they die!

Fall into a state of hopelessness:

Your parties are over; your self-indulgences are filled...

Your debts are billed!

Panic! When all else seems to fail-hopelessness

You've got to choose- 'the only hope'!

You know that He is there-

But you haven't a care

Your final destination awaits you

Into the nether gloom-

Cope; burn in cursed fire...your ever-deserved doom.

Killer:

Hearken to your mask of solitude

Iron fist of selfish redemption

Kill me now!

I have only love at my side

Kill my quickly!

Kill me with your words and your ways

I am a lost lover!

Embracing romance as my inner weapon

For it is my path I tread upon so swiftly

Kill me for I will not turn my back or ways on romance and sensuality

A Godly Voice

Voices of angelic body— I sit alone in a chasm of darkness,

Shadows dancing in the room at night,

Yearning to see a greater light!

I dabbled in things forbidden,

Touched the hand of decay and sin, Cast my lot on dead waters and dark seas.

I wish no longer to live, nor to see a brighter breeze.

I am alone in the darkness,

No sight of any light—

I am alone in the night.

I yearn for but one kind word,

One warm embrace!

I kneel down to pray,

And yearn to hear God's caring voice.

I've tried it all, seen so many fall...

But I will rise again with a shield of faith.

With every breath, I shall be the one to overcome.

Fear knocks at my heart,

But the dim array that splinters the silence is what shall make me overcome—

I shall overcome!

The Knight of Romance:

Romance oh romance where art thou?

Shall I even find you in a world of endless shadows?

They are spider's webs smiling at darkened fellows!

Aura of passionate intent!

You are the one heaven sent!

I gave her my heart!

I told her I shant bask in pool of a shattered heart!

I want romance to be that eternal companion!

My shield! My weapon of love's eventful union!

No poison or asps that spew their spell!

Love is heavenly and never an embrace of hell!

From Spiritualist to God's shadow:

Heat surrounded body and soul

Winds and ghastly figures portrayed as light!

I looked into things forbidden…

I called the dead my light!

I spoke to shadows and followed their advice in the deep of the night!

Cast me not aside…

Help me to fill the void!

Help me! I cried…

They cannot hear! Don't you know the dead know nothing!

They are familiar spirit and arise as legion from deepest chasm!

There is fire and brimstone wherever they go!

These! They are not angels!

No! They are not your father's, your sisters or your children!

They are not ghosts!

They are spirits of deepest evil!

There guide is to teach the immortality of soul.

Do you not know we perish when we die!

There is no life thereafter but a deceptive lie.

There was no peace as I spoke with Megatron!

He is the fallen Lucifer and his wish is to destroy only and lie!

I turned to God and said!

“Help me! Help me for my soul is dead!”

I said a prayer through yearning and gave up such impure things instead!

God is real and ghosts are but deceptive winds!

I am free and my cry to you is not touch such sinister evil things!

Do not look upon it! Do not give it your attention or your time…

Ask God for salvation! You too! Will see the truthful Light…

The Final Answer: A Notation from the Author

Poetry—what is it, truly? It is not merely ink on parchment, nor syllables strung together in rhythm. It is a shadow cast across the ages, a whisper from the soul of time itself. Timeless in its deepest enigma, it drifts between dimensions—unseen by many, felt by few. Some hearts, hardened by the weight of the world, cannot fathom its meaning. Others, distracted by the noise of modernity, refuse to see its ultimate end—its divine purpose.

Yet here, in this sacred space, begins a revelation.

A beginning of things that are not trivial,

Not fleeting, but of paramount importance. She—Poetry—arrives not as a mere muse, but as a bearer of gifts. And this gift she brings is no ordinary treasure. It is worth more than the finest pearl dredged from the deepest ocean trench. It is beyond comparison, beyond valuation, beyond replication. She cannot be demolished, diluted, or dismissed. She leaves behind more than emotion, more than a moment lost in the void— She leaves behind transformation.

There are those who yearn for a greater light. A deeper meaning!

A truth untouched by time or corruption!

Some souls walk this earth with the message of "SOS" etched into their very DNA— A silent cry for salvation, for clarity, for connection. And to them, Poetry answers. She does not shout, she does not demand—she simply exists. And in her existence, she heals, she reveals, she redeems.

You cannot remove the Master of Creation from this equation. You cannot separate the divine from the design. Neither depth nor length of time can erode the presence of wisdom. It is as if time itself stands still at the hand of eternal understanding. And in that stillness, Poetry speaks.

 Poetry is the form that no other book, no other medium, no other voice can replicate. It is the language of the heart, the archive of the soul, the echo of eternity. It has stood the test of time—not as a relic, but as a living force. It has conveyed messages to the young and the old, To the rich and the poor, To the simple and the wise, To the broken and the bold.

This word—this sacred word—is Poetry. Born from the heart, it is forever filled with true emotion, with caring, with loving devotion. There is no devious intent in its lines, No manipulation in its metaphors. Only the purest form of eternal truth, Inscribed upon our hearts like scripture, Etched into our minds like prophecy.

Two worlds have long fought for our allegiance— One for our eternal life, the other for our ultimate destruction.

Forces of light and shadow, Positive and negative, Pros and cons,

Good and evil, Right and wrong. And in the midst of this cosmic battle, Poetry stands as a sentinel. Not neutral, but noble. Not passive, but powerful.

May Poetry—and the wisdom she brings—be forever remembered in her purest form. May she be preserved, not just in books, but in the breath of every soul who dares to feel? May she heal the broken-hearted, May she give wisdom to the simple and humble, May she crush the arrogance of those who look down upon the less fortunate. May she change the intentions of those whose hearts are fragmented,

Whose minds are galvanized by pain, pride, or power. May she be a balm in moments of loss, A light in the fog of depression, A companion in the silence of solitude.

Poetry is not a sin. She is the eternal truth wrapped in metaphor. She is the sacred rebellion against apathy. She is the divine echo of our humanity.

Poetry Forever — The Eternal Flame.

With reverence and resolve,

The Author: Sidney F. Bromfield